

HOME READING.

A BLOSSOM FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

When on the cross our dear Lord hung,
The tears that anguish from Him wrung
Bedewed the ground. When Lo! upsprung
From each a little flower, whose hue;
Like Syria's sunny skies, was blue,
Outsprung from the cross they grew,
And whispered to the little knot
Of women weeping round the spot:
"The Master says 'Forget me not!'"—V.B.H.

AN EASTER HYMN—"PLAUDITE COELI."

(From the Latin of an uncertain author, between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries.)
Lo, the heaven rejoices,
The air is all bright;
And earth gives her voices
From depth and from height.
For the darkness is broken,
Black storm has passed by,
And, in peace, for a token,
The palm waves on high.

Spring breezes are blowing;
Spring flowers are at hand;
Spring grasses are growing
Abroad in the land;
And violets brighten
The roses in bloom,
Ahe marigold heighten
The lilies' perfume.

Rise, then, O my praises
Fresh life in your veins!
As the viol upraises
The gladdest of strains;
For once more He sees us,
Alive, as He said—
Our holy Lord, Jesus,
Escaped from the dead.

Then thunder, ye mountains!
Ye valleys, resound!
Leap forth, O ye fountains!
Ye hills, echo round!
For He alone frees us;
He does as He said—
Our holy Lord, Jesus,
Alive from the dead!

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD, S. S. Times.

A DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

AS TO BLOODY HINGLISHMEN.

It is one of the painful peculiarities of this Dreamer that he believes in his native land. He verily thinks that some Americans have brains; that they can speak upon a platform; and that they can trade, invent, engineer and organize with any body. He labors under the delusion that the President of the United States is just as good as the Queen of "England." He is willing to wear an "overcoat"—and call it that, rather than a "top-coat." And if there is one thing above another that he heartily despises it is an Anglicised dude. The fact is he saw one the other day, and he desires to make him immortal by a stroke or two. It was in a restaurant. There was a pitcher alleged to contain water, but as empty as the head of the young fellow who reached over after it. In the weakness of his benevolence the Dreamer remarked: "I doubt if there is any water there." The seion of a hundred ears glared at him as if this had been a great presumption. Then he ejaculated "Grr-eat Hevv-ens!" to the vacant air. To this present moment the Dreamer is in anxious abeyance between himself and the pitcher to know to whom or to what the "Grr-eat Hevv-ens" belonged.

It was only in the last generation that Captain Basil Hall came over—and Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. Captain Hall was shocked; Mrs. Trollope was seriously scandalized, and Charles Dickens let loose all his satire. Every one of these persons was handsomely treated—and they all went home and saw that we had no *entelchah*, no morals and no manners. By and by came another batch. Then came another, and another. "The States" were a good place to visit. One could see so much and be made so much of, doncher know. You could even take your gun after buffalo on the Hoboken meadows, or see Indians with scalping knives on the public streets. And so in the latter days came Dean Stanley, who couldn't be understood when he spoke; and Charles Kingsley, who was even worse, and finally Matthew Arnold, who worst of all. Men like Sala and the later Dickens, and Lord Coleridge and Proctor, and such persons of reasonable intelligence, conducted themselves like sensible beings. But the very latest batch—save and except Rufus Hatch's dudes, have been the most obnoxious of all.

Here is Mr. Freeman, who aspires to be an authority—bless his kind heart!—on American politics. "And 'Half-breeds' with suavity and a genial desire to enlighten your English and American ignorance! Then mark him declare that he sees no difference between Democrats and Republicans. And when you are over this electric shock, suffer him to give you several more as to your gross, new, unpolished, but very plutocratic style in New York and other cities.

It used to be thought that it was disgraceful to sneer at a man's dinner table. He is offensively rough in his attire and peremptorily devoted to his "tub." He drinks strong liquors in a heavy Saxon manner. His standard of ethics is low, and his standard of morals is lower. Add to this that he assumes the lordship of all he surveys—and you have him. Particularly you have Mr. Matthew Arnold as he exhibits himself in his first letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on his American impressions.

Before this Son-of-his-father came over to see us he was considered to be a gentleman and a scholar. We now struggle with the thought that he did not main-

tain himself—that he was inaudible as a lecturer; impertinent as a guest; ignorant as an educator; and thoroughly narrow and conceited as a man. He has written, firstly, about Chicago. This is well. It is as it should be. Therein he is wise. Chicago is the hub of the nation. But, oh, just wait until *l'esprit* which he has perpetrated in the *Pall Mall Gazette*! Mr. Arnold found Philistia in Chicago—pig and hog Philistia. He found American "merchants" and "people in trade"—who ought to know their place—positively aspiring to have a Literary Club. He found the firm of Hibbard & Spencer better recognized than Herbert Spencer. He discovered the modicum of diluted moralities, though it always struck us that they never kept to the moralities or the dilution out there, but had to put it in hot and strong, or it wouldn't count. But then Matthew Arnold knows, you know. People went to church "from force of habit." And Mr. Arnold's works were so well read out there that he was congratulated on his novel of "Tom Brown at Rugby," and his poem of the "Light of Asia." Pity he hadn't written them! But he hadn't all the same.

Then, too, he encountered a person of culture who had not read "Obermann." Obermann was supposed to run "a chemist's shop" somewhere in the limits of the three sides of Chicago. "I do not know," says the disgusted Englishman, "of any other little thing connected with my stay in America which gave me such a sense of the crudeness of American culture." Now an American—even if he does know all about "Obermann"—may be pardoned for a sense of contempt towards a man with a standard like that. "Can you put up your back and make a purr noise," says the Cat to the Ugly Duck. "No"—Then WHO are you, anyhow?

Mr. Arnold heard, at this "Literary Club," the paper of his evening—on Philistia. He inquired the author's profession and learned that he was the "head of a large grocery business." Perhaps if he had gone on and ascertained that the gentleman was also a graduate of high standing from one of our very first colleges it would have shocked his sensibilities still more.

Then he heard Prof. Irving—in a discourse with a deary waste of unctuous commonplace, "having" "diluted rhetoric" and "ludicrously" "misconstrued judgments." This and other crinines may indeed have in them a few grains of truth—but the mixture of metaphor in which Mr. Arnold conveys them is worse than the sweepings of a horse-stable. Having angered Boston about Emerson—as Luther did the Pope over his decretals—the apostle of sweetness and light has now attacked Chicago in a same spirit and with great obscurity of intention and with great obscurity of judgment. This is the worst of the unpardonable sins. For they have several, there.

True, Chicago is—Chicago. She has much to learn. Time was when she was only a mud flat. Time is when she is only a brick-and-mortar flat. Time will be when she shall perhaps get up to a hill on top of her dead self—like Rome, or Paris. It is fearful to contemplate the possibilities of culture in pork-packing, listening to Swing and entertaining Matthew Arnold. But then Matthew is only the first of the apostles, and Chicago is famous for handling evangelists of every sort—in bulk.

—The Bloody Englishman has thus, once more, come athwart our dream. Let him roar again like bully Botton the Weaver, and then let us leave him where some other lion will think him as much of a bore as he thought the pork-packers of Chicago. "A society," says this latest Mr. Pumblechook—or what the immortal Chadband—"society that has lived in the flesh, so to speak, for so long, cannot at once and naturally come to life in the spirit."

Off to your slaughter houses, ye swine of Philistia! Into your greasy "dissenting chapels," ye deluded seekers for sweetness and light! But henceforth and forevermore, Matthew Arnold shall rank in Chicago with the plaster image of the sagrant Italian; though, overyone in his native island, he is even as a little tin god on wheels!

An Aid to Curing Alcoholism.

We believe the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any sure cure for confirmed habits of inebriety, unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or lessening the desire for the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man": "I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have, or go distracted. I could neither eat, work, nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on me violent. I found it satisfied the cravings, and it sufficed a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it. Late, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."—*Scientific American*.

A Novel Building Project.

Perhaps the finest office building in the world is now being erected at Nassau and Liberty Streets, New York City. It is a mass about 180 feet square and thirteen stories high. It contains nearly two hundred offices of from one to half a dozen rooms, and the tenants will be favored mortals. The elevators take but one minute to rise to the thirteenth story and their movement cannot be felt when your eyes are closed. From the six or seven upper floors the whole of New York and both rivers are in view. Every office is heated by steam, lighted by incandescent electric lights and furnished with hot and cold water. The top floor is fitted up as a complete hotel, containing a large restaurant, where

many of the 1000 inhabitants of the building will take their meals, a reading and writing room, a complete library with librarian, telegraph office, telephone exchange and a large number of bedrooms for men detained down town all night—the first building in the city in which this convenience has been offered. A busy man could live for months in it without going outside. He would have his choice of banks, of insurance companies, of businesses, of restaurants and of bedrooms right there under that one roof.—*Exchange*.

Spring. (II.)

And the voice of the housewife is heard in the land.
Arise ye, my maidens!
Bare the strong arm for the conflict;
Tie the bright kerchief round your heads;
Gird the checked apron about your waists.

Make ready the tin basin and the wooden pail; arm ye with hammer and nails; with brush, broom and mop. For the dwelling of man must be purified; from its roof to the foundations thereof shall it be cleansed.
Woe unto thee, thou inhabitant of the wool, thou that crawlst into the dark corners of the closet, thou that hidest in the crevices of the floor!

With the finger thou shalt be crushed;
The pungent smell of camphor shall pursue thee; poisonous powder shall fill thy nostrils.

And thou, thou wary builder, who hastest thy web in high places, desolation shall overtake thee; the besom of destruction shall sweep thy dingy festoons from the wall.

Thou, too, thou cavernous monster who art established in the midst of the house, thou shalt be a dead thing. No longer shalt thou devour the black carbon by the ton; thy many mouths that breathe forth ashes and evil odors with heat shall be closed.

Yet a little while and it is finished. Order is brought out of chaos. At setting, man shall return to his home in peaceful security. "He shall wipe his feet upon the mat at the doorway."

He shall shiver in the hall of entrance. By the perfume of fresh paint shall he be greeted.

Rejoice, oh man, rejoice!
No more shall the click of thy heels resound upon the uncovered stair; thy cleaved floor is carpeted anew; thy windows reflect the morning light with shining lustre.

Thy heavy garments are laid away from the jaws of the destroyer.
No more shall thy evening meal be eaten in the region of the pot and grid-iron.

Again all things are ordered for thine ease. Again, for a space of time, art thou master in the house that thou didst build thee.

The Roosevelt High License Bill.

Dr. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, last week published a letter in the *Evening Post*, in which he says: "In common with some other life-long advocates of the total suppression of tippling houses, I have signed a petition for the passage of Mr. Roosevelt's bill for increasing the license fees of all dramshops. As a Prohibitionist, I want to see the bill passed and rigidly enforced. He gives four reasons for this course, and in effect, recommends the Prohibitionists of this State to favor the passage of the bill. No one will doubt Dr. Cuyler's absolute fidelity to the temperance cause, or his thorough belief that prohibition is the best remedy for the evils of intemperance. And yet, in this letter, he declares himself to be in favor of the Roosevelt bill, and says that as a Prohibitionist, he waxes "in the bill passed and rigidly enforced." Is Dr. Cuyler in this inconsistent with himself, in effect saying: "Good Lord and good Devil in the same breath"? Not at all. He is simply acting the part of a sensible friend of temperance. The issue to be settled is not whether prohibition shall be adopted or rejected, but whether Mr. Roosevelt's "high license" bill shall be adopted or rejected, and on that issue we do not see how there can be any just grounds for a difference of opinion among the friends of temperance, no matter what they may think or desire in regard to prohibition. The bill, if it becomes a law, and is properly enforced, will be a practical power for good; and, it being all that the friends of temperance can now reasonably expect to get from the Legislature of this State, their wise way is to do just what Dr. Cuyler has done, rather than treat the bill with indifference, and virtually unite with the liquor interest in opposing the bill, because it is not up to the summit of their desires on this subject. Even "a small slice is better than no bread" to a hungry man."—*The Independent*.

Leap Year Shrewdness.

A young man in Portland, Me., is said to have been ensnared into matrimony by a device which has the charm of novelty. One of his young lady friends, who has always shown an especial fondness for him, asked him point blank in the course of a recent Sunday evening tete-a-tete: "Who are you going to marry?" "You," he said, jokingly. Really? "Yes," he said, shaking hands on it, "the business-like maiden demanded. The young man did so, thinking it the most amusing incident he had ever borne a part in. The young lady, however, told her father that she and Mr. were engaged, and the young man was immediately waited upon by the interested parent, and has decided to marry the girl rather than stand a threatened suit for breach of promise.

A Western paper says: "Sam Weldon was shot last night in the rotunda by Henry Parsons." About the worst place a man can be shot, next to his heart, is in the rotunda. It invariably proves fatal.—*Norristown Herald*.

The premeditation of death is the premeditation of liberty; he who has learned to die has forgot to serve.—*Montaigne*.

High positions are like the summits of high, steep rocks; eagles and reptiles alone can reach them.—*Madame Necker*.

NEVER expect women to be sincere so long as they are educated to think that their first aim in life is to please.—*Marie Eschenbach*.

A wide, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.—*Donald G. Mitchell*.

If we did but know how little some enjoy of the great things that they possess, there would not be much envy in the world.—*Young*.

SINCE the well-known victory over the hare by the tortoise, the descendants of the tortoise think themselves miracles of speed.—*Marie Eschenbach*.

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